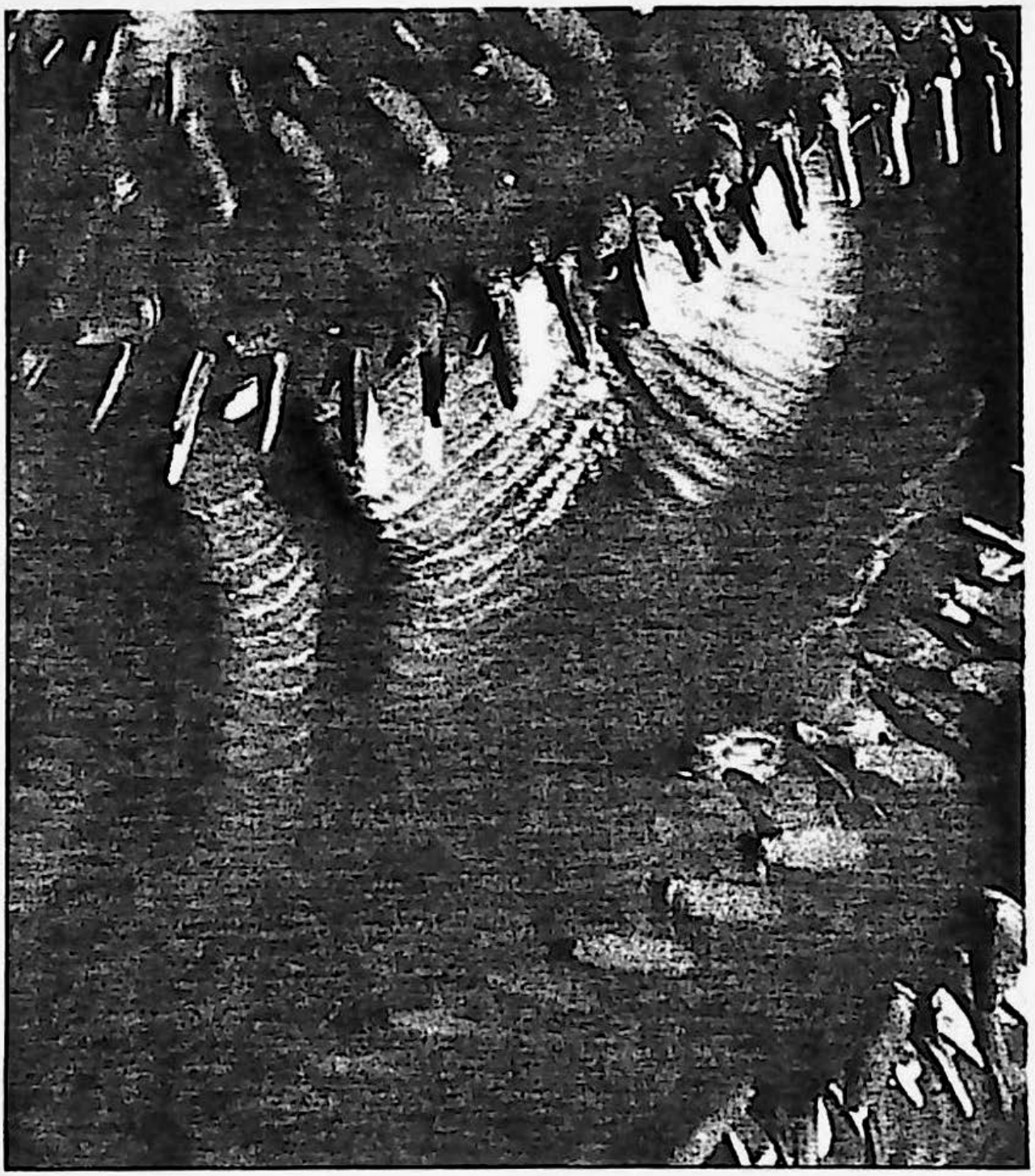
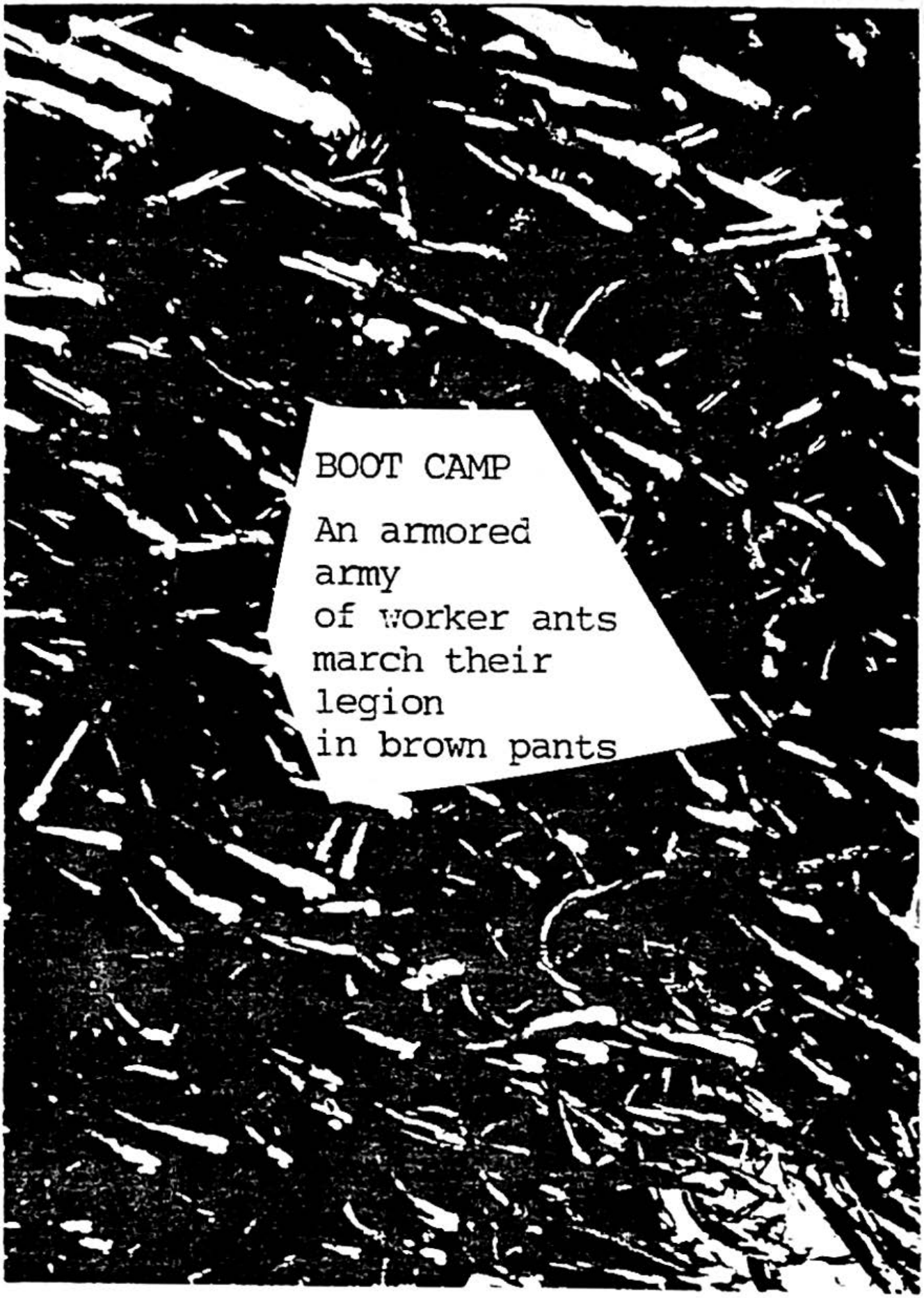
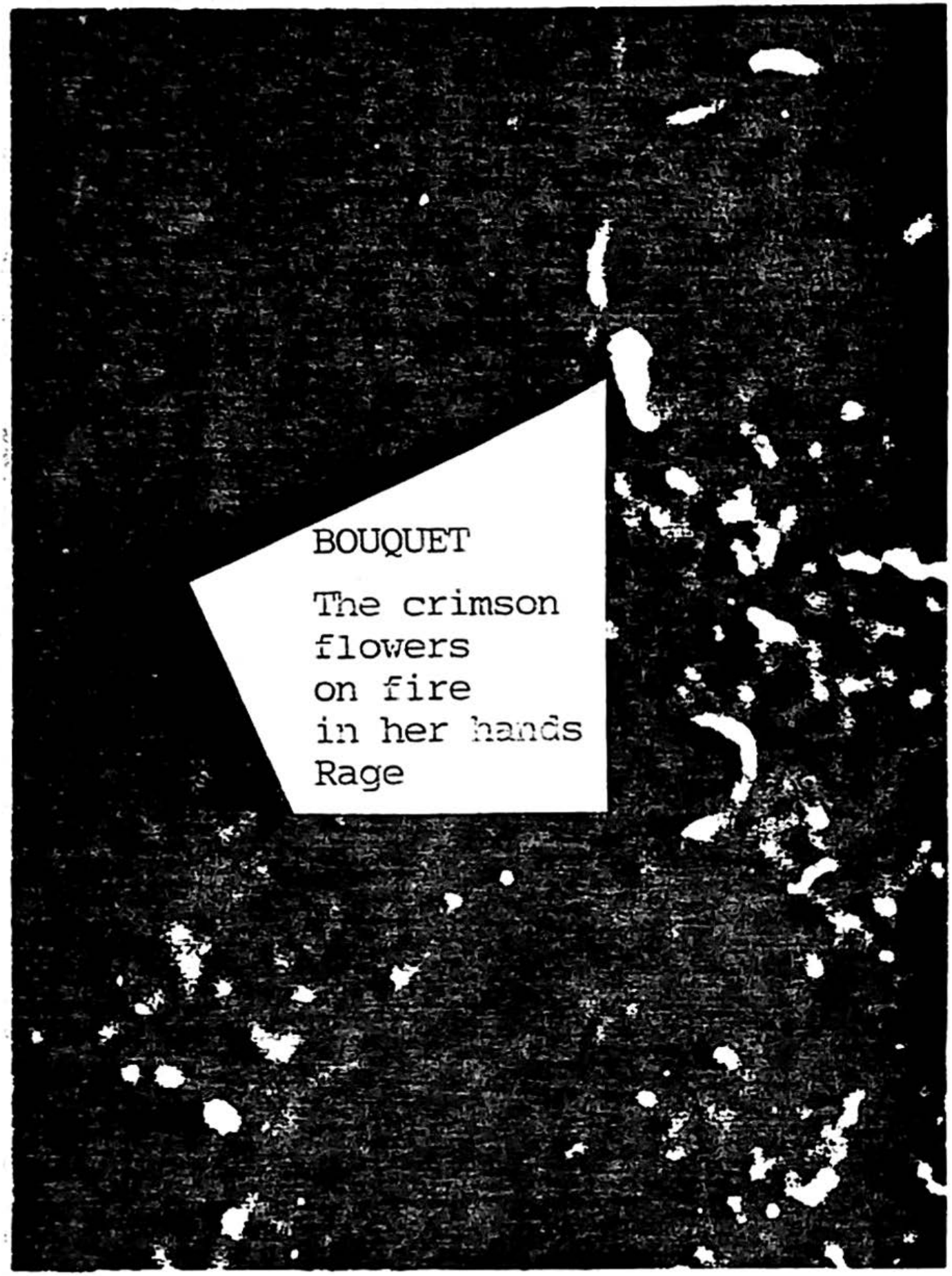
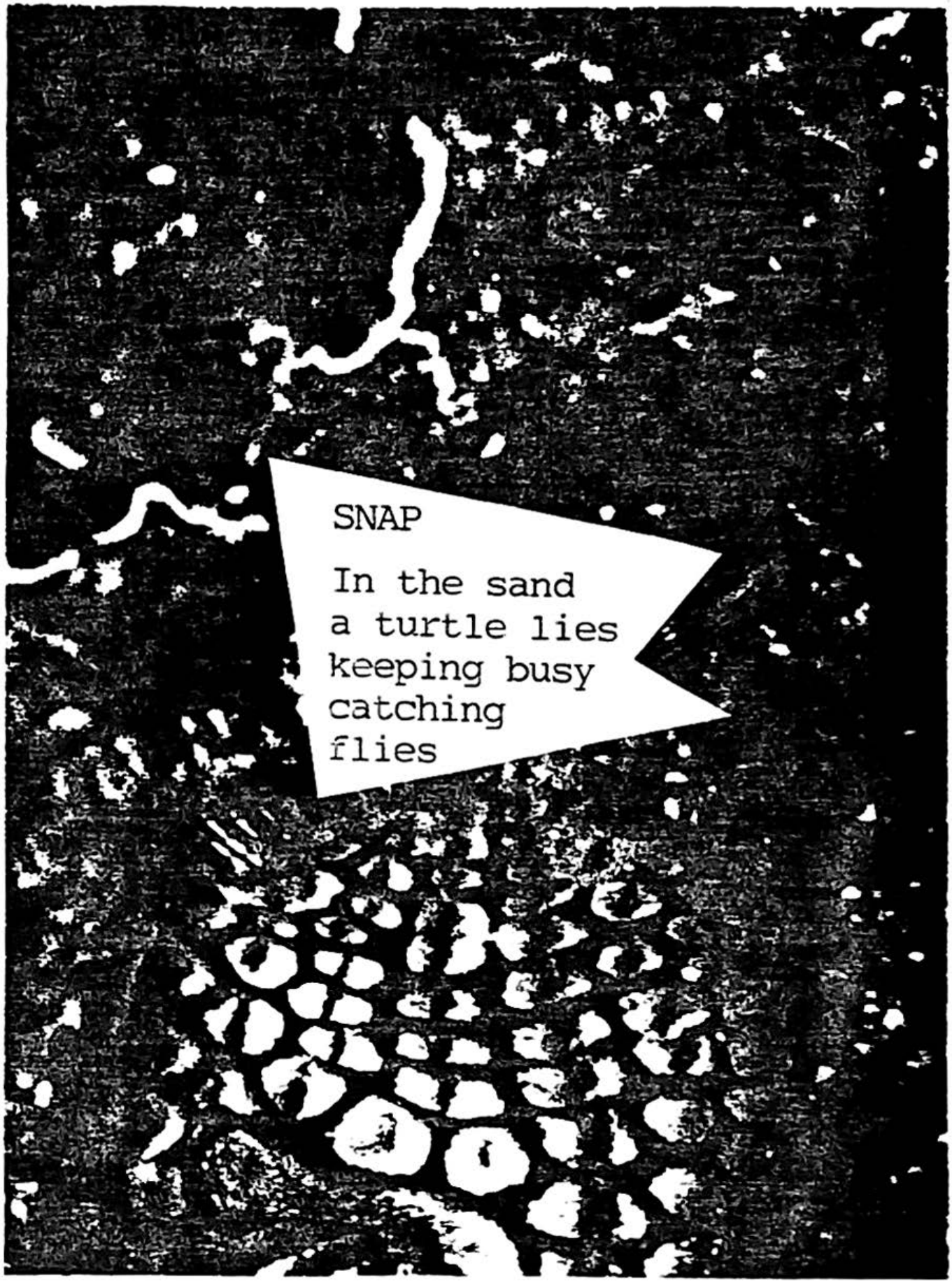
The Garden



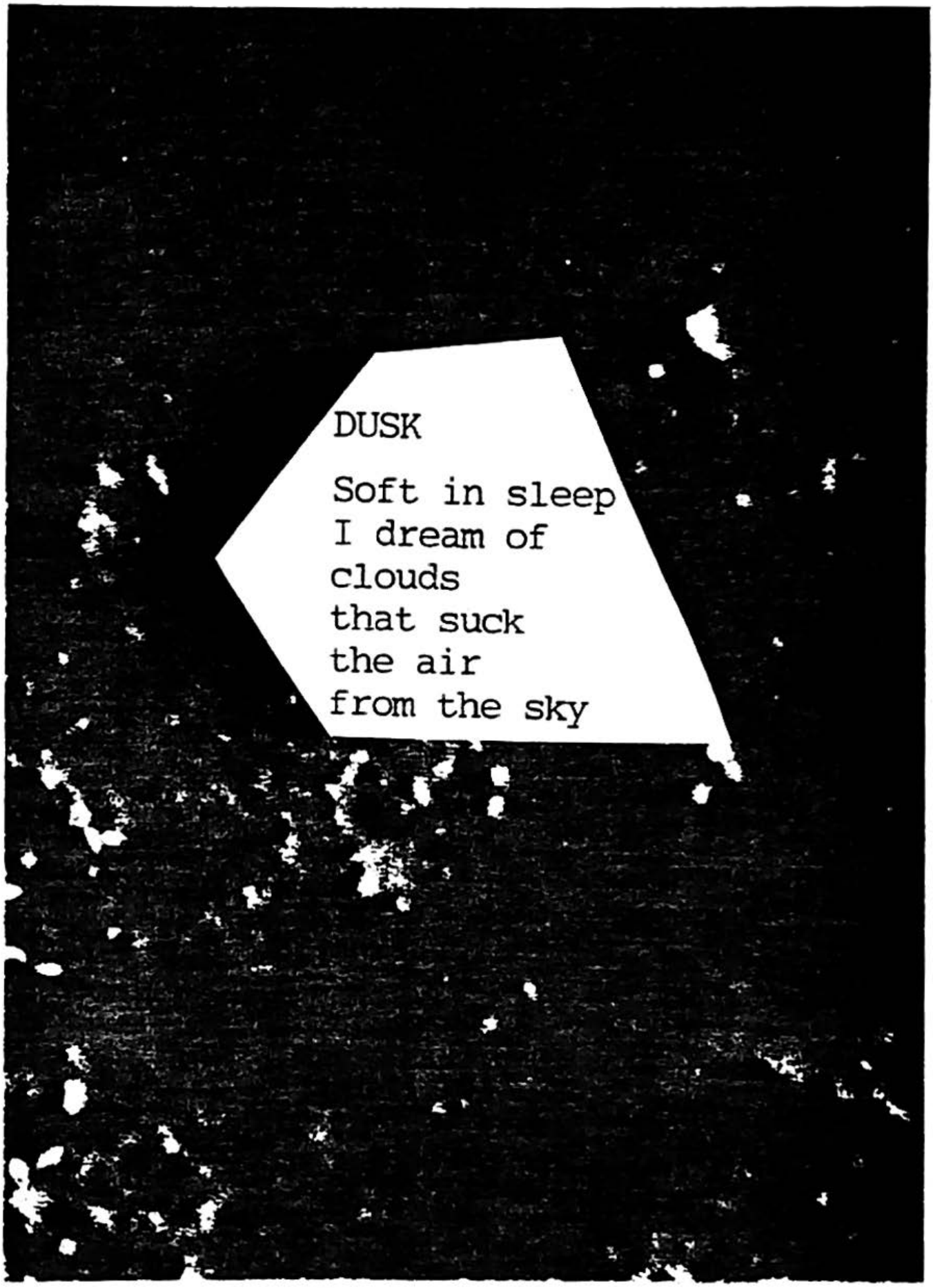
GREEN
Green thrusts
the morning;
yellow, light
brown and
green
juts out at
any angle

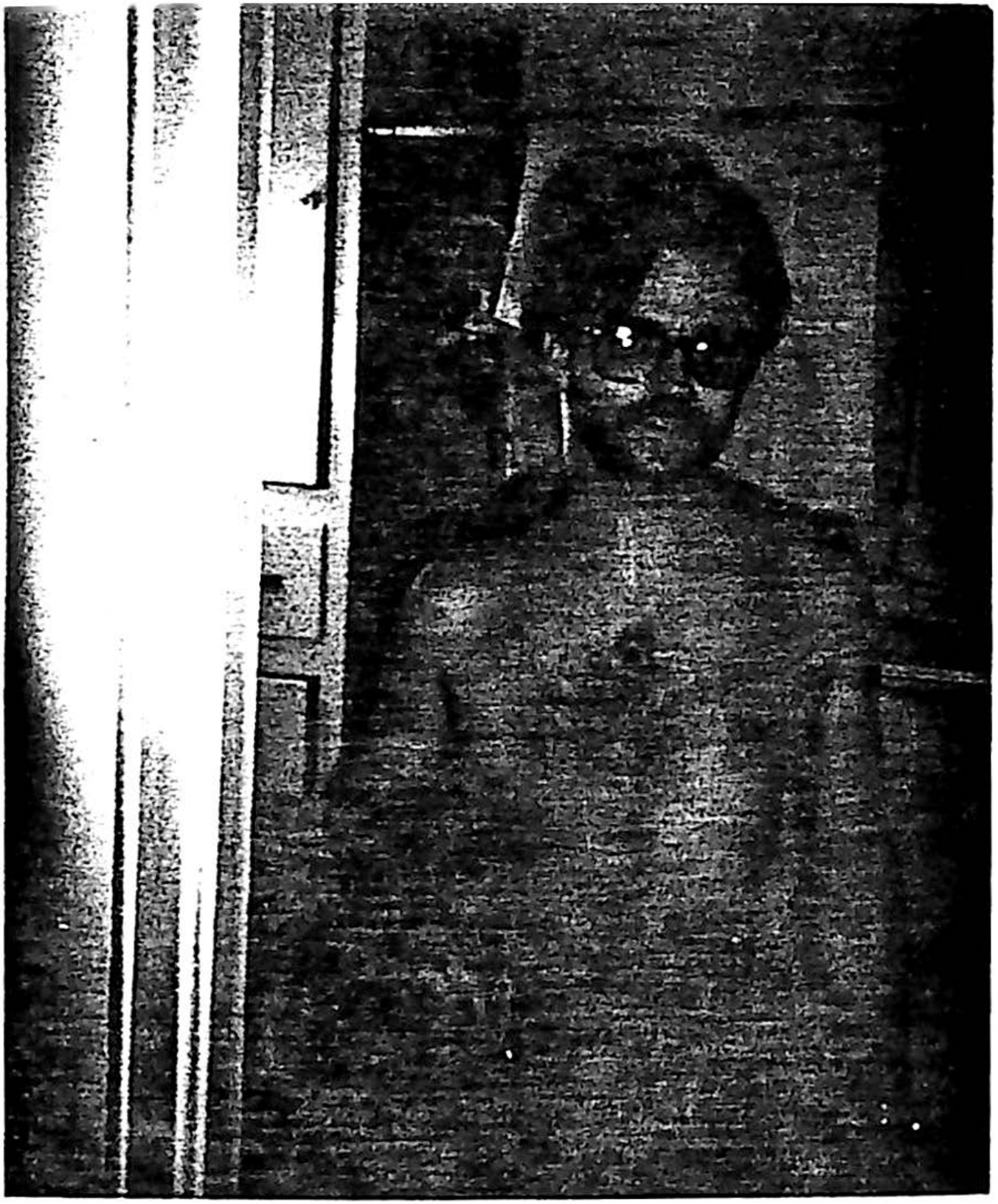

BOOT CAMP
An armored
army
of worker ants
march their
legion
in brown pants


BOUQUET
The crimson
flowers
on fire
in her hands
Rage


SNAP
In the sand
a turtle lies
keeping busy
catching
flies

HARVEST
The broken wings
of butterflies
flee
the beaten
yellow fields


DUSK
Soft in sleep
I dream of
clouds
that suck
the air
from the sky



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